

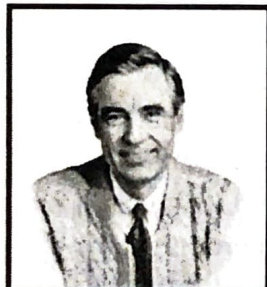
LEONARDO DICAPRIO  
AS JORDAN STRAUSS



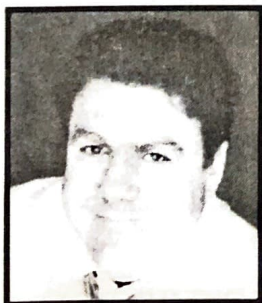
KATHY BATES  
AS GUS ANDREWS,  
FORWARD EDITOR



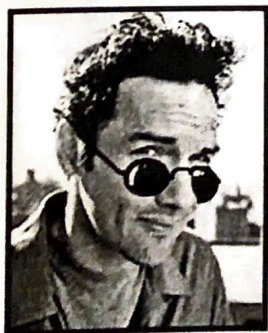
FRED ROGERS  
AS GREG PRINCE



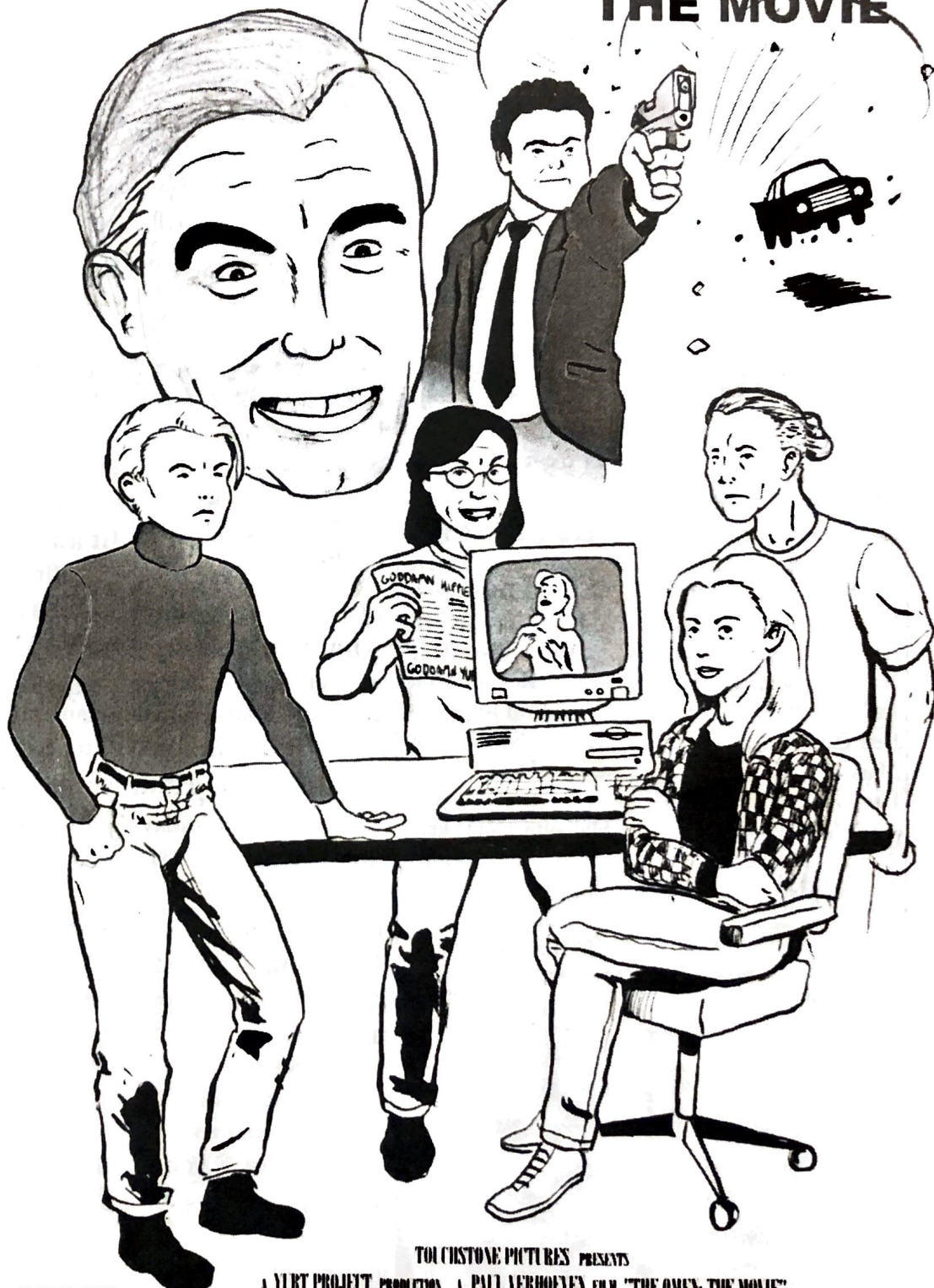
GEORGE WENDT  
AS DERRICK ELMES



NORM MACDONALD  
AS SURLY BOY



# THE O MEN THE MOVIE



NC-17



TOUCHSTONE PICTURES PRESENTS  
A YURT PROJECT PRODUCTION A PAUL VERHOEVEN FILM "THE O MEN: THE MOVIE"  
LEONARDO DICAPRIO KATHY BATES FRED ROGERS GEORGE WENDT JULIANNE MOORE KEVIN BACON MIKE MEYERS  
NORM MACDONALD AND JAMES EARL JONES AS THE VOICE OF MCCOY THE DUCK WITH SIXEN AND THE NOODLES  
FILM EDITOR DICK HERTZ PRODUCTION DESIGNER TINA HUTZ DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY YOUR MOM PRODUCER MIKE HUNT  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER BUSTER HIMEN WRITTEN BY JOE ESZTERHAS DIRECTED BY PAUL VERHOEVEN READ THE BASTEN BOOK

THEY DON'T LOVE YOU. THEY DON'T EVEN LIKE YOU.



c o n t e n t s	
Normal Stuff	Conspiracy Theory.....page 14
Cop Land.....page 4	Headbanger's Ball.....page 15
Boogie Nights.....page 6	Drug Store Cowboys.....page 17
The French Connection.....page 7	The Big Lebowski.....page 19
Outbreak.....page 12	Mother Night.....page 20
Naked Lunch.....page 13	The Doom Generation.....page 21
New Stuff	
Free Willy.....page 5	Drunken Master II.....page 16
The Last Temptation of Christ.....page 8	Last Man Standing.....page 18
Love and a 45.....page 9	Thelma and Lousie.....page 21
D.A.R.Y.L.....page 10	Rock and Roll High School.....page 22

## The Omen

Volume 10, Number 11  
April 10, 1998

### CAST

Jordan Strauss.....	Leonardo DiCaprio
Michelle Beach.....	Julianne Moore
Jenifer Howk.....	Traci Lords
Jacob Chabot.....	Mike Meyers
Katie Matlock.....	Alicia Silverstone
Mat Lauritsen.....	Kevin Bacon
Jeff Barnett.....	Burt Reynolds
Bert Cattaveri.....	Sonny Bono
Mark Hugo.....	Dana Carvey
Dave Killen.....	Roger Moore
Wade Stuchwisch.....	Malcolm McDowell
Aemily Reshen.....	Bette Midler
Travis Dale.....	Bruce Campbell
Paul Boyer.....	Anthony Daniels
Jon Klein.....	Harvey Fierstein

### EXTRAS

Miles Crew  
Thea Dodds  
Orion Montoya

"It's too hot for sex. Too hot to even talk about sex."

-James Miller



## Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your **NAME**). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

**Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community** and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michelle Beach** (B-311, box 1127) or **Jordan Strauss** (J-309, box 1007). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to **Mat Lauritsen** (J-304). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to **be heard**?

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in the articles are those of the authors alone.

## EDITORIAL

## Two-Face

by Michelle Beach

First, to clarify my last article. The renovations resulting from the moving of Student Affairs do offer student space (there are even much needed offices for student groups). There is a common space designed for students to meet and the TV and VCR from the Airport Lounge are now there. Although the move has good aspects to it, I still question the need to move into this particular space.

The referendum regarding creating an endowment to run a Community Center overwhelmingly passed. The final vote count was 533 in favor to 131 against. Now the Trustees will decide if and in what form this is actually implemented. The Trustees, on the recommendation of Community Council, raised the Student Activities Fee \$29 per semester. This raise will allow student groups to be better funded, and hopefully increase the quality of student programming. If the Trustees approve this new fee, tuition will increase \$108 per year, as a result of council legislation, on top of whatever increase is needed to continue the running of the college.

Although this may not seem like a lot when you are already paying \$31,000, if, especially for those of us

on financial aid, you look directly at the money you are paying, for some of us this increase makes Hampshire almost unaffordable. Because of these increases, I may not be able to return in the future (that or I will have to work four jobs over the summer because due to a Hampshire scholarship I can't get work study, but that's another story).

So, basically, although I am for the building of a Community Center, I do not agree with this increase. **It raises an already expensive tuition with no guarantees anything productive will come of it.** I would like to see, in writing, a statement from the Trustees that this money will definitely be committed to the long-term goal of the construction of a community center. If this was to happen I would feel much more comfortable about adding the extra money to my tuition. Yes, I know this slightly contradicts my last article, but people can change their mind can't they? Take Dave Killen's last articles, for example.

In other news, the Yurt Project is looking to create the position of Yurt Manager. This person would be in charge of scheduling events in

the Yurt and making sure that it is kept clean. The Yurt, they say, can hold up to 45 people and would be a great place for groups to meet and contact each other, a way of building community. Just think of it, 45 hippies on a hot summer day, crammed into the tiny space of the Yurt, what better way to build community?

I believe that Omen staffer Wade Stuchwisch would be the perfect person for this position. His stance on Yurts and hippies makes him ideal for the job. If you disagree, I base this opinion on his article "Euthanize the Yurt" in the March 6, 1998 issue of the Omen.

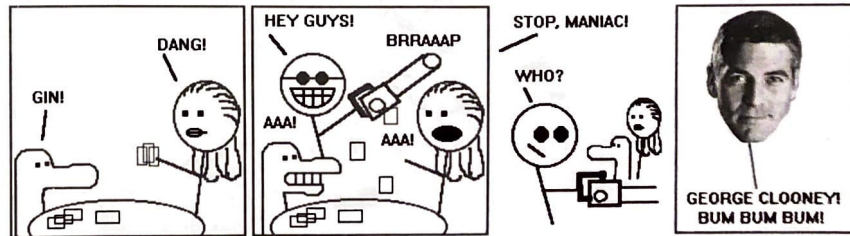
Speaking of pointless positions, Community Council has (on March 31st) created the position of Secretary of War. Although the job description of this person is uncertain (possibly having something to do with the scheduling of wars and the cleaning up after them, much like the Yurt Manager), it is sure to be a highly desirable one. The election will be held at the next Council meeting; anyone can run.

Several Omen staff members would like to see Omen Secretary of War Bert Cattaveria hold this position, and are planning a massive campaign to assure that this happens.



### THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF PSYCHO BOY

by Jacob Chabot





## Hampshire Campus Police Log 3/17 - 3/30

### Animal

Mar 19, 1:23p.m: Merrill, squirrel assisted from building.  
Mar 19, 1:34p.m: Women's Center, bird assisted from building.  
Mar 20, 12:30p.m: Farm Center, chicken injured by dog.  
Mar 30, 1:50p.m: Enfield, dog taken to pound.

### Fire Alarms/Fires

Mar 17, 3:21a.m: Fire Alarm, Prescott cigarette smoke in mod 83  
Mar 19, 9:20p.m: Fire, Outdoor Tennis Courts fire under tennis pavilion.  
Mar 19, 11:02p.m: Fire, Greenwich field shed on fire.  
Mar 20, 9:00p.m: Fire Alarm, Merrill cooking smoke in C1 Lounge.  
Mar 21, 12:39p.m: Fire Alarm, Prescott cooking smoke in mod 88

### Suspicious Stuff

Mar 19, 11:46p.m: Suspicious Person: Greenwich, unable to locate individual.  
Mar 26, 9:07p.m: Suspicious Person: Enfield, unfounded--employee.  
Mar 26, 10:40p.m: Suspicious Vehicle: golf cart being operated improperly.

### Noise Complaints

Mar 29, 2:15a.m: Merrill, re: B2  
Mar 29, 2:42a.m: Merrill, re: A4  
Mar 30, 11:50p.m: Merrill, re: A3  
Mar 30, 12:00a.m: Merrill, re: B3

### Disturbances

Mar 18, 10:45p.m Enfield individual being disorderly.  
Mar 25, 9:15p.m: Dakin, smoke bomb in G2 bathroom.  
Mar 27, 10:30p.m: Prescott, student breaking bottles in quad.  
Mar 29, 7:00p.m: Greenwich, officer spoke with people arguing.

### Larceny

Mar 17, 10:00p.m: Prescott computer reported stolen.  
Mar 21, 10:35p.m: Prescott, stereo equipment stolen from room.  
Mar 23, 12:15p.m: Dakin, bicycle reported stolen.  
Mar 24, 3:24a.m: Prescott, television reported stolen.  
Mar 24, 2:04p.m: Prescott, television reported stolen.  
Mar 27, 12:50a.m: Enfield, computer reported stolen.  
Mar 27, 5:09p.m: Enfield, VCR

Ultra-violence



reported stolen.

Mar 28, 2:25a.m: Prescott, computer reported stolen.

### Traffic

Mar 19, 1:31p.m: Library delivery service cautioned. re: sidewalks.  
Mar 20, 1:05p.m: Motor Vehicle Boot: Enfield, vehicle booted in Circle.  
Mar 20, 6:12p.m: Motor Vehicle Boot: Prescott, vehicle booted in front of gate.  
Mar 21, 10:35p.m: Motor Vehicle Tow: Prescott, vehicle towed from tavern area, on tow list.  
Mar 24, 4:32a.m: Motor Vehicle Tow: Arts Barn, vehicle towed from fire lane.  
Mar 29, 1:00a.m: Motor Vehicle Tow: Merrill, vehicle towed from loading dock.

### Vandalism

Mar 26, 5:12p.m: Prescott, graffiti reported.  
Mar 27, 7:56a.m: Campus, eggs thrown at buildings.  
Mar 27, 1:29p.m: Prescott, pinball machine moved/vandalized.  
Mar 27, 3:14p.m: Merrill door vandalized.

then sex



stick figures by Wade Stuckwisch

## Pet owners need not apply

by Thea Dodds

I thought I had rights as a student as stated in *Non Satis Non Scire*, but I had an experience last semester that proved that wrong and brought me to the realization that the student handbook doesn't mean shit! I had this revelation when I broke the pet policy and had my sweet dog Lymon living in Greenwich with me. In applying to Hampshire I was foolishly under the impression that since there is no on-campus housing for pet owners and their pets, then owning a pet would qualify me for a housing exemption. It doesn't. Since I had no other choice, I broke a rule. Big deal, how many other students have pets living on campus? A lot more than just me. Yet for what ever reason I was singled out and should have faced disciplinary action, but I didn't.

After I received my second warning about violating the pet policy I should have lost my "privilege" to live in G/E housing, according to the handbook. Instead two days later, while I was out, Susan Mahoney and Derek Elmes came to my mod unannounced. When my mod-mates informed them that I was not home they said they were going to wait. What professional person not only shows up unexpected but also has the time to wait for a student? I like to think that we hire qualified professionals to provide necessary services to the school, not sit in a students living room chatting. Mahoney and Elmes waited approximately one hour until everyone in the mod had left, and then entered my room, took Lymon and changed the lock on my door without leaving any form of written explanation of what had happened. As stated in *Non Satis Non Scire* staff may only enter a

students room "1) in an emergency or situations which present danger, 2) to conduct a fire safety/health inspection, and 3) at the start of the holiday vacation to make sure the windows are closed and the heat is off. Unless otherwise authorized by the student assigned to the room, no other access will be granted" (61). Nowhere does the handbook give staff the right to remove anything from a students room. Nowhere in the handbook does it give staff the right to ever change a students lock.

I returned home about an hour later to find myself locked out of my own room; I started to call Lymon's name and began to freak out when I realized that he was gone. I called Elmes immediately demanding to know where my dog was, he told me he was in the pound. When I asked him why he changed my lock he told me "Because I wanted to talk with you." What kind of sick, perverted man is this guy? He told me to wait a minute, while he called Mahoney and he would call me back. LIKE HELL wait a minute, I went to get my dog! When I arrived at the pound I found Lymon chained up outside in the cold without any food or water. Apparently the pound was closed when Elmes got there so he just abandoned Lymon until I arrived.

Now, as I have stated earlier there were several violations of my student rights, so you would think that I could bring Elmes and Mahoney to Community Review Board (CRB) with an official complaint. But a student can not bring staff members to the CRB, unless it is recommended by their supervisor; the handbook is only set up to handle complaints about a stu-



dent, not a staff member. The problem with this is that staff members' supervisors are also their colleagues; there is no way for a student to have a third party examine the evidence without a bias. So I did the only thing I could do which was to make an official complaint with Bob Sanborn, which was essentially pointless. He told me that since it had been policy in the past to do some of these things that it was all right. When I asked him to show me where this policy is stated in the handbook he responded, "This is Hampshire College, we don't write everything down." He then continued to compare taking Lymon to confiscating a bong. I started to feel nauseous at this point because I have had Lymon since he was nine weeks old and have spent almost three years raising him. The only thing you could possibly compare this to is taking someone's child. So my complaint was placed in their files, I was told, or maybe just in the trash can, and I was sent on my way.

In my short experience at Hampshire College I have quickly learned that the school has a lot of problems. From my experiences one of the biggest problems is staff who do not act as if they care about the well-being of the students or the school. If Hampshire wants to remain a residential college then there has to be options for pet owners. If pets remain banned from campus and owning a pet is not a reason for a housing exemption then the admissions application should have printed at the top: Pet Owners Need Not Apply. All Hampshire College policies need to be written down and accessible to the community. This is what a student handbook is supposed to be and ours is not.

10 April, 1998 Page 5



## SHAKEN, not STIRRED

by Dave Killen

**S**ex. Sex. Sex," typed Bob. After a moment's reflection, he decided that using the old trick of starting his column with the word "sex" to attract attention was beneath him, and with a defiant grunt he put the delete key to work. Bob was suffering from what people in his line of work call "writer's balk." Similar to its better known cousin writer's block, writer's balk instead takes its name from the baseball term for starting a pitch and then stopping it. He was just having trouble getting started. In baseball you are penalized for a balk. Luckily for Bob, he was a columnist, not a ballplayer. He heaved a sigh of relief, and then she walked in the open door...

She was beautiful. It was a rare thing indeed that a woman like that walk into an office like Bob's. Instinctively and all in one motion, Bob slid his feet off his desk, spun his swivel chair around to face her, took out a cigarette and lit it. He gazed into her deep blue eyes, like a 12 year-old kid staring at a puddle of anit-freeze and wondering why it's green. Bob could be damn near irresistible when he wanted to be, a fact proved to him by the woman's failure to pass out completely from hysterics at his having knocked a lamp off his desk with his feet and having spun himself right out of his chair and onto the floor. He was still good to go. That was when he realized he was smoking the wrong end of his cigarette. No wonder it had been so hard to light. Bob stood up carefully and dusted himself off as he waited for his gorgeous guest to catch her breath.

**"The name's Bond," she said. Bob raised an eyebrow.**

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## Writer's Balk in Vegas

**"Covalent Bond," she finished,** "but most people call me Covy." Bob raised his other eyebrow. Then Bob's forehead started to get tired, and he lowered both of them.

"Well, uh, Covy, what can I do for you?" was Bob's super-suave reply. Without breaking eye contact with her he had managed to reverse the cigarette and extinguish a small fire he had inadvertently started on his tie.

"I'm here," said Covy, "to help. My sister, Ms..."

"Let me guess," Bob cut in, "your sister's name is 'Ionic Bond'?"

"No," said Covy, "her name is Sue. She's on her way. We're pitching coaches."

"Huh?" said Bob, attempting to raise an eyebrow but finding it exhausted.

"To help with your writer's balk. You know, pitching coaches, like in baseball."

"Uh, okay," said Bob, who had a policy of always agreeing with women like Covy, even when he had no idea what they were talking about. "Women like it when you agree with them," Bob thought, two points for the 'ol Bob-O-Rino. He made a motion like he was shooting a basketball and hoped Covy wouldn't notice the pencil he accidentally threw across the room. It landed in her hair.

"Bob," said Covy, "that could have put my eye out. Now, about your balk..."

At that moment another woman, within two millimeters of Covy either way on the beautiful scale, walked through Bob's door. Bob deftly shifted his attention from Covy

to who he assumed to be Sue. He thought she was shaking her head "no" until he realized she was only trying to follow his multiple double-takes between her and Covy. Once his neck muscles tired out a little, Bob was able to maintain a gaze in between the two of them, subtly checking each one out in his peripheral vision.

"Bob," continued Covy, "this is Sue."

"She sure is," said Bob, grinning. The women exchanged glances. Bob was proud of his razor-like wit. Chicks dig that kind of stuff.

"Uh, anyway," began Sue, "about your writer's balk. It's just like baseball. You have to follow through on the pitch. Otherwise the batter gets first base." Bob smiled at her use of the term "first base."

"I've got your first base right over here, baby," he said, puckering his lips and imitating a baseball swing with his hands. Sue rolled her eyes and glanced at Covy, who was already helping Bob remove the shards of glass that had embedded themselves in his hands when they had crashed through the liquor bottle on the shelf behind him. Bob brightened at the thought of the Florence Nightingale effect, which causes nurses to fall in love with their patients. Or had he just seen that in a movie?

"Listen, Bob, we're running out of time. Just promise us one thing," said Covy and Sue simultaneously, "promise us you won't try to make jokes that depend on people's residual knowledge of high school chemistry class, such as jokes about atomic bonds."

"Uh, yeah. Sure. Whatever," said Bob, raising an eyebrow AND rolling his eyes. These chicks were too weird

continued on page 7



Mathew Lauritsen

**A** shudder smacked into a window frame. A bird coo-cooed coarsely, like a kraut-dog. A fat man fell down in Paris. The street rats adroitly avoided this hazard, however, and went on their way.

"Oui-Oui," said the street vender, "De is nou love like I have for yoo, my preshoosh angel." He leaned down to caress the cheek of the ten-year-old at his side. She, squirming madly, elbowed the star-struck lover in the stomach and ran quickly to the relative safety of a speakeasy.

The vendor, stroking his greasy hair like a cartoon skunk, casually moved himself and his lively-hood further down the street, his head exploding with lines of erotic poetry.

"Gimme a frank, mack!"

The peddler of street food was awakened abruptly, his warm lover pushing him out of his fantastic bed; he shocked to find himself standing not alone on the curb. A streetlight turned red. An odor. A newspaper on the cobblestone blew open to its ninth page.

"What is dis dat yoo say to me?"

"Your ears fulla lily pads? Gimme a frank with relish, and what's more, show some goddamn respect!"

"I thought I smelled a yank, you villainous scab upon ze rotting corpse of fine culture! No meat products four yoo. Your disgraceful lips shall not touch it. Bey-Gone!"

from page 6  
for him. But they had helped him out, and Bob never let a good deed go unrewarded.

Covy and Sue walked out of his office and out of his life, forever. Bob leaned back in his chair, knowing he'd never forget them. Hours later, when he woke up on the floor, the bump on his head throbbing, he wondered if they would remember him. They probably would. After all, it's not everyday a guy named Bob gives you a picture of himself making out with a salamander. Thanks a million, guys.

## A Fat Man in Paris

"Listen frenchy, I bin walking around this town all morning, and you got a job to do, so gimme lunch or I'll make a Picasso outa you!"

"Just like ze Americaan, zo tough, zo 'adventurous.' You are dog. Offend my professionalism no mor! On ma hon-air as eh citizen of France, you will sooner starve."

**The yank eyed the frenchy. The frenchy eyed the knife sitting atop his cart. The knife seemed unimpressed.**

"Men, about what do you bicker so? Can you not make the orange peel cease to be green? Can you not dissolve in the nihilating equilibrium of pure and simple massiveness?"

Who was speaking with so soothing a tongue? Who pressed two so unlike travelers to the petals of tranquility?

Jean-Paul briskly puffed his pipe, rubbed his chin and almost winked at the stunned quarrelers. And he stood in the secret reality of the thing. A bus passed. He cocked his head.

"And what of the fall of that chubby fellow, as though one could not distinguish between the sad conscience of the pair of you and sadness itself?"

"Oh, but we ain't really

discussin' that, Jean."

The American dog adjusted his stance, smiled uncomfortably, and undressed the frenchy with his eyes. The frenchy seemed to enjoy the pause. Jean-Paul reflected upon how to represent the universal abstraction of mankind's "original face." The grocery across the street put out fresh parsley.

Ignoring the tempting harlots in his seedy heart, the frog, anxious to impress his countryman, quickly blurted out his merest idea.

"So comrade, have you heard of, er, well, anyway, 'Ashes, Ashes, we all fall down,' no?" Full of pride, old Pierre produced a cigarette and lit it upon the burners of his portable eatery.

*Author's Note:* In hopes of showing certain members of the Hampshire community that the Omen has not, in fact, "gone soft," **I, Mathew Lauritsen hereby challenge Paul Boyer to a public wrestling match,** at a time and place to be decided. Furthermore, I extend this challenge to any member of the Hampshire community who would wage similarly insulting views. In the event that I am disabled, Dave Killen, of "Shaken not Stirred," will take up the slack. This challenge is completely serious.

Sincerely,  
Mathew Lauritsen  
Dave Killen



# God's gift to the Omen

by Miles Crew

Although Paul Boyer's article "Bitch, Bitch Bitch" contained some valuable insights, I was disappointed by his brief but harsh attack on the columns "Mat's Machismo Corner" and "Shaken, Not Stirred." Boyer has dismissed two of the greatest creative writers of this, or any century, in a total of three sentences.

Boyer's appraisal of the impassioned, inspired writings of Killen and Lauritsen as "god-awful" is disappointingly shallow. **Boyer is, clearly, in the same league as people who don't "get" Shakespeare or Kurosawa.** I and others who appreciate true creativity become quite disheartened, almost suicidally so, when people of Boyer's intellectual ability are freely allowed to direct ludicrous criticisms at works they clearly cannot comprehend on any level other than the most surface and trivial.

Lauritsen and Killen's measured prose is some of the most subtle and, simultaneously, primal writing seen today. Case in point: Lauritsen's stunning allegory "Bitchin' Bambi Strike Back." The story, in only a page and half, manages to equal or better the greatest works of Homer, Melville, or any other author since in terms of sheer power and vision. Lauritsen's stirring short takes on a common story archetype, that of man versus nature, and re-energizes it with what is perhaps the most effectively visceral writing I have ever had the pleasure of reading. The final, largest deer, clearly a symbol of patriarchy, is confronted by the unnamed, androgynous narrator; the ambiguity of gender, race and sexual orientation is Lauritsen's heart-

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felt cry for unity among all people in overthrowing the oppressive tradition of patriarchy. When the narrator, representing all that is right with humanity, bellows "Drop the gun, buck, I am gonna tear you a new arse!" it is as though centuries of great literature have culminated in a single, perfect sentence.

One would, perhaps, assume that this story is Lauritsen's finest work, never to be surpassed by any previous or subsequent piece. However, other articles, such as the groundbreaking non-fiction "Pleomastic Plethora" and the inspiring, heart-rending outpouring of emotion entitled "A Christmas-ish Sermon" have demonstrated a consistent attention to detail and quality which I firmly believe will never be surpassed. Boyer is truly unfortunate in his failure to comprehend the wealth of knowledge displayed in Lauritsen's eloquent works.

Killen is a writer of an entirely different stripe who nevertheless equals Lauritsen in terms of talent. Killen, in contrast to Lauritsen, relies on real-life experiences and his incisive observations to make his points, which are, apparently, too subtle for one of Boyer's limited mental capacity. Boyer, in his single-minded, ruthless obsession with sullyng the reputation of one of the greatest authors to ever grace the earth with his presence, has apparently overlooked the multifaceted nature of articles such as "Well, now that Di is dead" This article is not only a perceptive and acidic indictment of Britain's history of dominance and terror, but a criticism of all power structures that would seek to oppress. When Killen proclaims that his motto is "Down with those fucking British fuck-ass fucking bastard Brits," the rage of the oppressed is condensed into

one perfectly-crafted phrase, each word carefully chosen. Boyer's fascist agenda is clearly influencing his perception; only the most dedicated of Nazis could speak ill of the most dedicated freedom-fighter in the history of the world. Even the miracles of Jesus Christ, considered by a few to be the greatest 'rebel' of all time, appear ordinary in comparison to the fiery, revolutionary intensity of Killen's stark, concise writing. **Killen's writing ability is also obviously superior to that of Mr. Christ, whose mediocre "epic" Bible (rumored to have been ghost-written by his father), despite being one of the most popular books of all time, is meandering, dogmatic, and frequently contradictory.** If there were any justice, Killen's works would be collected into a single volume and held in as high regard as Christ's tepid effort. Alas, the world is apparently full of people who, like Mr. Boyer, have failed to comprehend the importance of Killen's work.

While Killen obviously has the talent, perception and ambition to become the driving force behind all things good in this world, he does not simply reiterate broad, impersonal rhetoric from article to article as a lesser radical author like Noam Chomsky or Howard Zinn may tend to. In his earlier article "Eight Balls to the Wall," Killen relates a real-life experience that acts as a wakeup call to an increasingly passive public. This startlingly frank portrait of the lives of our

# The Omen Fights Back

by Mat Lauritsen and Dave Killen

It has come to our attention, via a certain poorly written list contained in a poorly conceived article appearing in last week's Omen, that we, Mat of "Mat's Machismo Corner" and Dave of "Shaken, not Stirred," are "god-awful" and two of the most negative aspects of the Omen. Having great personal pride and honor, the result of machismo and cocktails (we are both members of the Hampshire College soccer team), we cannot allow this list to exist without dispute. No one wounds us with impunity. In fact, the author of said list, Paul Boyer, himself deserves a certain amount of criticism. **Therefore, with the defensive instinct of a mother lion defending her cubs, we will hereby compile a counter-list attacking not only Boyer's mediocre writing abilities but his personal character as well.**

**Negative Boyerisms:**

1) His dangerously pro-Yurt com-

mentary on Wade Stuckwisch's witty anti-Yurt Section Hate. We have strong opinions on the Yurt, so should you.

2) A "Section Hate" that harks back to more hateful days, Boyer's piece tastes more like caffeine-free Tab than Italian espresso. If he wants hate, why should it matter where the hate is directed (i.e. the Yurt, Texas or Britain)?

3) While Boyer's use of profanity may catch the attention of certain ignorant members of the population, it is a cheap hate trick that talks that talk but doesn't walk the walk. We would expect better from a student whose Div II has taken 5 years to develop. With that kind of knowledge base, one would think he would be able to express the feelings contained within his black little heart with a bit more eloquence.

4) His unprovoked bitch-slap to Omen mascot Jen Howk. Though consistent with his cruel ethic, this move elicits sympathy within us unparalleled since the death of Ennis Cosby. Wishing pain on Jen Howk is like wishing pain on Bill Cosby, the father of America.

5) The fact that Boyer would "kill" before he would write for the Omen again. He claims that the opportu-

nity to slander Upski's ten page submission was overlooked by "soft" Omen staffers. If he was so incensed, he should have made the move himself. No wonder he was a "Section Hate" editor for only two issues.

6) Boyer is a morose bastard with an ugly face.

7) Boyer's poor transitions and inability to concisely articulate any kind of thesis. He redundantly attempts to express his vague "gripes" in several consecutive paragraphs before wearing himself out like an illiterate dog chasing his tail. He then degenerates to simple list format, a device used by only the poorest hacks and most desperate columnists.

8) Boyer's explicitly stated fixation with Surly Boy. While we are, of course, big fans, our affinity for the strip has never gone beyond the platonic. It is clear that Boyer is nothing more than Jacob Chabot's love-bitch, and cannot possibly be objective on the matter.

**Positive Boyerisms:**

1) His inclusion of "other lame crap" as an entire entry in his negative list. We, too, would like to minimize lame crap, for instance Honda Civics, boom boxes in SAGA, and Paul Boyer.

country's youth would inspire even the most apathetic to action. Boyer's article, no doubt unbeknownst to him, merely adds a first-hand account to Killen's already shocking account of the alienation of a troubled generation.

Although one could simply assume that Boyer is too narrow-minded to appreciate the brilliance of these two writers, one is forced to consider the possibility of a personal vendetta on Boyer's part. Given Lauritsen and Killen's reputations as, in addition to brilliant writers, accomplished "ladies" men, I suspect Boyer harbors a grudge over the loss of "his" woman to one (or both) of these outstanding young men. Boyer is apparently incapable of realizing that his inferiority to these men is plain to anyone who has read the articles of all three, let alone met them; Boyer is the classic possessive male, unable to let go of what was once his, but never will be again.

In summary, Boyer's attack was small-minded, ignorant, and was perhaps made with ulterior motives in mind. I hope that in the future, he will attempt to have at least minimal understanding of the material he criticizes. Hopefully, the Hampshire community will disregard his malicious attack and will continue to support these wonderful writers with whom we have been blessed.



# MGM 2 Nordell: Suck Cock

by Orion Montoya, *Operative Number One, with Operatives numbered Two through Ten, The Militant Grammarians of Massachusetts*

**T**he Militant Grammarians of Massachusetts do not wish to use *The Omen* as a forum for argument, but the nature of Casey Nordell's letter in the March 27 issue was such that some degree of personal accusation is impossible. We should not have to defend our persons: only our ideals. Nordell's piece was so inflammatory, however, and so personal, that we must address him directly in order fully to refute his argument. Dear Casey,

We wonder whether you bothered to read your *Omen* piece even once before submitting it. Did you show it to your friends? Did you go to bed that night smiling to yourself, confident that you had persuasively argued your point? You damaged your argument immeasurably by presenting it the way you did. You say "I hardly know where to start (or end!)." Evidently you felt that simply acknowledging this fact would absolve you from your duty to give the question any further thought. Someone who proofreads *The Omen* mentioned that you had written an article of some weight, and we were a little worried that we might have to exert ourselves in formulating a response. Our relief was equal to our disappointment upon seeing what you had written, as we saw that our opposition is every bit as ridiculous as we have always feared. It took a long time to parse your article into a series of intentional points, but having done so we are ready to refute them.

Your first point seemed to be concerned with the distinction be-

tween the standard variety of a language and its dialects. You say, "[t]he point I'm trying to make here is that there is no such thing as 'Standard English.'" We press you to acknowledge that, while myriad dialects do exist, there is certainly a standard variety, and that is the one attested daily in every newspaper and in every book above the literary level of Danielle Steel. What is at issue is whether the enforcement of those standards is worthwhile. You didn't say that, however, and your illustrative examples do a much better job of proving the point we articulated than they do proving the point you articulated. **It is "pointless" to rephrase your sentence to say what you mean to say? Why say anything at all?**

To say that your examples better support the point we articulated is not, however, to say that they support it well. "[English] changes over time, unlike, say, Latin for instance." That is a fascinating, incorrect statement—we see that you are every bit as "uninformed" as you say we are. The differences between Early, Classical and Medieval Latin are real and palpable. The Roman Catholic Church continues to make Latin evolve, mostly by making the flexible word order of earlier Latin more like that of English and Romance languages, and by adding new words to the lexicon as modern concerns make it necessary. Do you know the Latin for "fax machine"? "... [A]ttempts to standardize English are ... a relatively recent phenomenon." The callous disregard for language is also a relatively recent phenomenon: The

Greeks, the Romans and earlier English speakers didn't need externally enforced standards: they internalized them, using Language with consideration. The loss of "whom" and the "whither/where/whence" system of adverbs is not evolution; it is degeneration. That is a value judgment: a language of greater expressive potential is, in our view, of greater value than one with less expressive potential. Please recognize the difference between a value judgment and a moral judgment.

"If everyone is using English improperly ... then really, they are using 'proper' English." Yes, and if your aunt had testicles, she would be your uncle. "Everyone" is not using English improperly: many people are. Plenty of people have the consideration for language to use it correctly; for the most part, people who use it wrongly just don't care. Our enemy is not dialect—we embrace all genuine dialects—our enemy is acedia. If, as you imply, television and pop music have made articulate expression "ridiculous" and "outdated," they have not contributed to its "evolution as a living language," they have only collaborated in its downfall. The fact is that those media do not represent real English any more than television sitcoms represent the real needs or interests of American culture. Popular media treat people like idiots, making them feel that idiocy is their only option. Do you really think that dialect accounts for any of the mistakes we correct? Your example—"your" versus "you're"—is decidedly not a dialectal difference: it is a mistake. In no dialect does the distinction between "your" and the contraction of "you are" disappear, only in the discourse

of ignorance.

Speaking of ignorance, you herald the passing of the subjunctive "tense." How could the subjunctive tense pass out of currency? It never existed. Since you are Linguistics Editor you should recognize that most linguists say that English has only two tenses, Present and Past, and while traditional grammar forms a few more using auxiliaries, never have these included a subjunctive tense (You were probably too busy editing all the other linguistics articles in *The Omen* to catch this very important mistake: since your position is so important, we forgive you). Perhaps you speak of the subjunctive mood—like the indicative mood and the imperative mood. While Joan Osborne and others may have forsaken a few uses of the subjunctive, it is very much alive and nowhere near "a slow and painful death." Fowler's *Modern English Usage, Third Edition* notes that the subjunctive was in heavy use until the sixteenth century, when it dropped out of use until the nineteenth century, since which time it has been increasingly common. Around the middle of this century writers so overused the subjunctive that prescriptive guides had to warn them away from its use. It remains current in uses so common as to be instinctive: how many high-school graduates say "if I was you" instead of "if I were you"? One reason why the subjunctive is less visible in "casual conversation" is that spoken usage usually does not produce sentences of sufficient complexity to warrant the subjunctive. This doesn't mean that it's dead; just that the context for it is dead to some users. Must you resort to using Joan Osborne lyrics to support your argument?

Your grammatical mistakes are "artistic," are they? Golly, you're a regular William Faulkner. You call

prescriptive grammarians "disillusioned"? If you meant "delusional," you should have said so; if not, we appreciate your recognition that we do not suffer under the same delusions that cloud your mind. I can feel the art in your decision to use "who's" instead of "whose." I note with amusement your incorrect use of the relative pronoun "which," where "that" would be more appropriate. Do you even know the difference? Misusing the relative pronoun "which" is pretentious with a capital "P." And revealing that misuse is anything but artistic. People who wish to appear educated use "which" every chance they get, evidently thinking that it is an elevated form of "that," or something. "Which" and "that" have distinct meanings and syntactic functions in a sentence. It is one of the most difficult distinctions in the English language, but one that is very much worth learning. We have struggled with it; its nuances are tricky, but it is a hurdle anyone who wants to write with real "artistry" must overcome. We'll be putting up a poster about it, so don't worry.

Going around correcting stupid, meaningless grammatical mistakes is a waste of time. We wish we didn't have to do it, but we care deeply about the issues we have brought forth. You obviously do not have even half of our passion, or you would take the time to make an argument that is not ridiculous. You say that your most important point is that correcting grammar is "annoying." Yes, it is. Not to mention rude. Note that we are *militant* grammarians: some measure of annoyance or affront is unavoidable. You compare us with your eighth grade teacher: very well. Perhaps if you (and all enemies of standards) had spent less time resenting her and more time listening to what she had to say,

you wouldn't have left out all those commas, or said "censoring our right to free speech," when it is impossible to "censor" a "right." However ineloquent your accusation of censorship, while we initially did threaten to tear down deviant posters, we have reconsidered that practice and feel that it would work against our ideals. We apologize for threatening to silence deviants. We will not tear down any posters; we wish that others would have the same respect for ours. We continue to correct deviant usage, but do so in order to elevate ideas regardless of their content, not to "accuse" helpless citizens of some "thought-crime" of "ungrammaticality." If you "don't give a dingo's kidney" about your poor usage, you don't care about anything you've written, in which case we have wasted our time in writing this response.

We are pleased to announce that we now have a presence on the World Wide Web, accessible at <<http://hamp.hampshire.edu/~obm97>>. At present many areas are under construction, but in coming weeks it will grow in its capacity to educate the community. We are happy to have noticed a substantial decrease in grammatical errors on posters, but our work is not done. To those who make posters: please do your best to conform to standard English. If you have a usage question, you are welcome to call or E-mail Orion Montoya, or any Grammarian you can identify. We will hold a public meeting very soon, and welcome new Operatives and anyone interested in our organization. To those who have noticed our relative inactivity since Spring Break, we offer our apologies, but also our assurance that we will soon be back with a vengeance. Our determination remains unflagging: the revolution stops for no one.





## Cattivera for Secretary of War

April 5, 1998

To Whom It May Concern:

As many of you probably know, the Hampshire College Community Council recently created a new position of power within the already complex web of Black Sheep politics. This new title, complete with grave responsibilities, was created with the understanding that only an individual of the most adroit inter-collegiate cunning and outstanding moral integrity could adequately fulfill its duties. This individual must live and breathe to be the Hampshire College Secretary of War.

Knowing full well the gravity of this decision, the Editorial Board of the Hampshire College Omen wishes to make a recommendation. As serving Editor of Public Relations, I feel that, with the full encouragement of Editor in Chief Strauss, there exists no better candidate for this position than the notorious Bert J. Cattivera.

As serving Secretary of War for the Hampshire College Omen, Mr. Cattivera has, on countless occasions, proven his worth as an agitator, a strategist, and, moreover, as a soldier.

His anti-Forward campaigns have been nothing short of brilliant, especially his heroic triumph at the "Battle of the Bulge," though both the Omen and the Forward, to this day, deny all involvement. Though many of his exploits are damned to the vaults that are home to all Omen classified information, I assert with absolute sincerity that without the aid of Cattivera's plethora of proficiencies, the Omen would today be written in German, or, worse yet, be distributed on cassette tapes in the form of a cappella performances.

His achievements in the course of active duty are complemented by his superb and innovative mastery of spin control. His top-secret memos often brought tears of joy and relief to the eyes of the Editorial Board, largely responsible for the impotence of the most recent Omen revolution and the "disappearance" of the Hampshire College relic, the Velvet Elvis.

In conclusion, Bert J. Cattivera could not possibly be better qualified for the supervision of Hampshire College war making. His expert knowledge of firearms and class IV thermonuclear devices, as well as his "Over 21" personal identification, will ensure secure borders, loyal citizens, and ruthless, albeit liberal, martial law.

Sincerely,

Mathew W. Lauritsen,  
Editor of Public RelationsJordan A. Strauss,  
Editor in Chief

## Gaping Vagina

To Jordan Strauss

From B.J.C.

4/01/98

"Can't get to sleep when all of the people on the street are just like insects crawling on a carcass"

-Todd A.

Dear Mr. Strauss,

I keep having this recurring dream:

I am in the radiology unit at Cooley-Dick.

A sexy nurse supplies me with a fifth of whiskey and instructs me to anesthetize myself. I do so with alarming efficiency.

The nurse straps me to a motorized table which gradually moves through an enormous tube. I am inside this oddly-shaped device for approximately forty-five minutes. **To comfort myself, I imagine that the tube is a gaping vagina.**

Finally, I emerge from the vaginal tube and the nurse unstraps me from the table. "See you again next week," she says ominously. I smile and light a Winston.

I proceed to the hospital bar, where I smoke around three cartons of cigarettes interspersed with six gallons of blended whiskey of highly dubious origin. I conduct a friendly conversation with a cancer patient named Ted. Ted is dying from lung cancer. I feel for poor Ted, so I offer him a Winston.

While I personally find this uproarious, Ted remains unamused. I give Ted some unsolicited legal advice: Don't bother suing the tobacco companies, Ted. That's been done before. Sue the Indians - OOPS, I mean the Siberian-American community - for introducing tobacco and bingo to the white man."

The next day (actually, the next several days) I awake in the psych ward. They've got me hooked up to an I.V. which drips liquid Thorazine and Seconal into my grateful veins. In an increasingly rare moment of clarity, I request a pen and some paper, so I meet the next Omen deadline, thus preventing my loyal readers from rioting and looting.

Intravenously yours,

Bertrand Cattivera

Omen Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Journalism (B.A.T.J.)

by Jacob Chabot

To: The Hampshire Community  
Re: Biohazardous Waste  
From: Officer Bert Cattivera, Public Safety Garbage Division

I have just received a hysterical phone call from my boss, Derrick Elmes. Officer Elmes reported that living conditions in and around the greenhouse mod have deteriorated to such an extent as to present a serious health threat to the Community.

In particular, Elmes drew my attention to the sizable pile of rotting crap known as the compost heap. Elmes begged the residents to "get rid of all this crap or face Sanitary Review Board charges" and large fines. The subjects refused to move the pile of waste, as it has become very sentimental to them.

Naturally, I went to investigate the situation. I found the shitheap to be quite impressive. The putrid smegma of hippie waste management techniques caused me to briefly lose consciousness. I returned later, wearing a surgical mask and my shit-kicking boots. Amid the biodegradable sludge of stinking vegetables, beans, and fruit I discovered several species of microorganisms that have long been considered extinct.

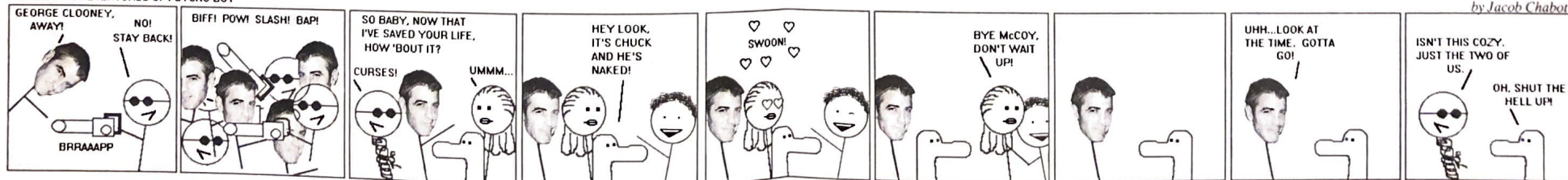
I interviewed Juan Cruz, who lives at the greenhouse mod. Mr. Cruz boasted that he and his squalid modmates aim to build the largest compost heap in the history of the world. I told Mr. Cruz that I hardly think this is the type of publicity Hampshire College would like to generate.

Next to the steaming heap of shit I noticed an enormous wheelbarrow full of empty beer and tequila bottles. In theory, placing your recyclables in a wheelbarrow makes it easy to haul them to the recycling shed. However, the wheelbarrow and the bottles therein were covered with even more partially decayed food items.

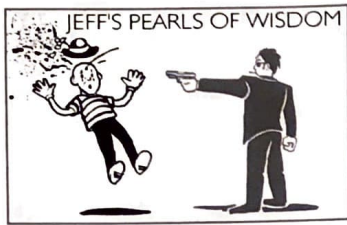
I made several more requests to Mr. Cruz and his cohorts that they remove the compost. My pleas were repeatedly ignored. I have contacted an environmental cleanup agency in Springfield, who will soon begin the unenviable task of cleaning up the pile of refuse. Greenhouse residents will be financially liable for the massive and expensive cleanup project. When I informed Mr. Cruz of this arrangement, he became very agitated and threatened to bring his wheelbarrow to my house and dump it in my front yard.

In the meantime, I strongly urge members of the Hampshire Community to avoid the greenhouse mod and its accumulation of ungodly waste at all costs.

## THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF PSYCHO BOY



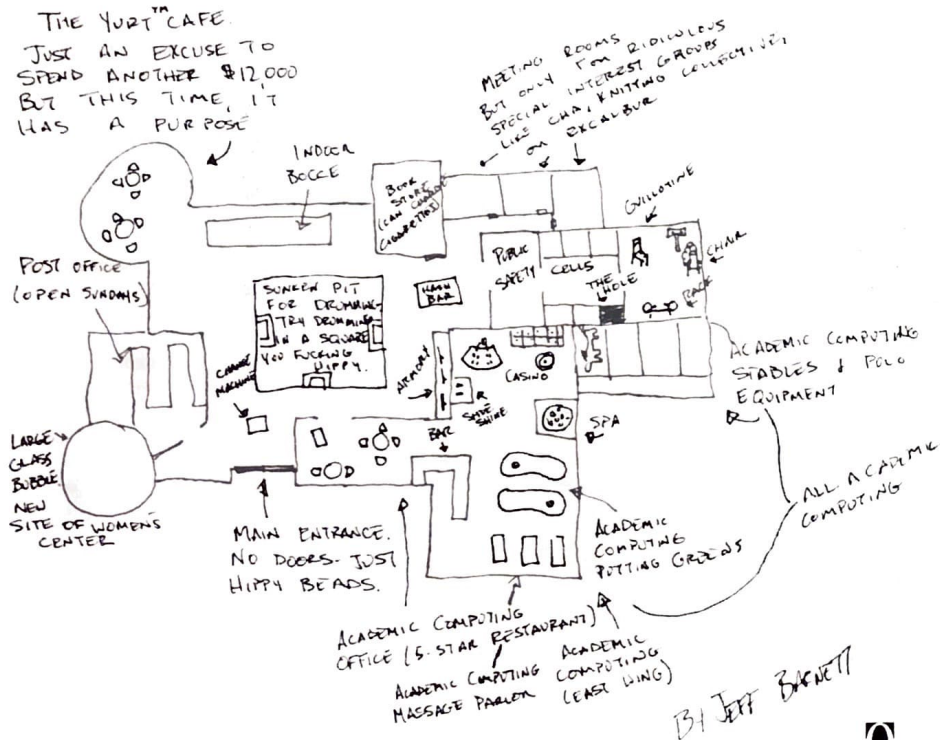




by Jeff Barnett

## Attention deficit equals monetary deficit

Now that Wade's hilarious revolution thing is past us, (oh please Wade! Let it dominate just one more issue! It was so clever!) I feel that we as the Hampshire community should turn our attention-deficits in a new direction: that of the student center. If you've been out of your Merrill basement room, you'd know that the student center is what's on the tip of everyone's tongue, right next to the white blotter. While many excellent designs have been presented for this proposed dream of a venture, I feel that I should share my own design. That way the competition can be eliminated and ground can be broken immediately.



## Suburban Trash

by Aemily Reshen

**S**NO-CORE '98. A five hour show with four bands and masses of pathetic kids. Tons of under cover cops waiting to snatch your herb from you and even more security guards (who all had tattoos on their upper arms) waiting to make sure that you are old enough to be holding that beer, let alone drinking it.

Imagine seeing about 50 people on stage, all wearing something reminiscent of 3-D glasses, swimming caps, and wrestlingmania belts. And red workman shorts. Odd. Oh yes, it was quite odd. The people wearing these weird as hell outfits were the Aquabats who can be summed up in two words. They suck. Throughout their set they kept referring to the audience as kids. Last time I looked I was not a kid. For Christ sake I'm not even a teenager. The last thing that I wanted was to be grouped with those at the concert who actually fit into the kid category. You know the type - running around like they're the shit while checking their watches to make sure they get home before bedtime. As eyewitness numero uno, Annie, said, "These little kids remind me of Hanson. They're all making out! They're too young!" Do you get the point yet?

Anyway back on stage the Aquabats were still performing or whatever you want to call the crap that they were doing. For whatever reason the lead singer dude kept thrusting his crotch at me from 50 feet away. Yes me and only me. The alleged highlight is when they brought out "Powdered Milkman", kicked the shit out of him, and lit him on fire. Evidently bringing people out in weird costumes was all the rage at this concert, because when the Alkaholiks played their set, they had a visit from this clown-like chicken. It made me kinda hungry.

As the concert progressed, the lead singer of the Alkaholiks kept telling the audience full of kids to say, "Fuck that shit!" Annie, eyewitness numero uno, commented, "That's good. It's appealing to those 15 year olds. They like to say fuck." Yes, those kids do like to say fuck. Especially the little kids to my right that kept yelling, **"Fuck you, you homos. Get the fuck off stage."**

The Alkaholiks dedicated their last song to NYC, which was quite amusing because half of the kids who go



to these concerts are not even from NYC. They come from New Jersey, Long Island, or other places in New York state such as Westchester. How about dedicating the last song to suburban kids coming into the city and polluting it with their suburban trash??

All in all the Alkaholiks played a pretty good set, as did Blink 182 and of course Primus. Ahhh...Primus. Finally the Gods blessed the concert with some really good music. Finally the kids stopped shouting out, "Get off the stage you fucking homos." Finally eyewitness numero uno stopped bugging me about our lack of herb and payed attention.

Primus ended their show with "Jerry was a Racecar Driver" from their *Sailing the Seas of Cheese* album, one of my top five million favorite songs. Its just so darn spiffy. During this song I was able to forget about the annoying kids. I was able to forget about the fact that South Park episodes were played in between each set **(for Christ fucking sheep sake, if I wanted to watch T.V. I wouldn't go to a god damn music concert!)**. I was able to forget about the fact that I was sober. \*\*\* As one final note, the former Supreme Spiritual Advisor would like to state that if the ex-Puppy Dick, now the Movie Dick, really thinks that he can send her ass to Siberia on a silver platter, why doesn't he try it. Castration is not a pretty thing. Long Live Shooting Crunchies With High-Powered Rifles!! \*\*\*\* Like discovering a six-pack of Guinness underneath your pillow \*\*\* Like getting a soda from a vending machine and having double the money you spent spit back out at you \*\* Like a very good but slightly cold cup of coffee that has cigarette ashes in it \* Like someone pouring ammonia into your eyes while shoving a machete up your ass



# Unhip & Politically Correct

by Miles Crew

**H**ello. You may, if you are one of our five viewers, know me as the whiter, dorkier half of the two guys who show Hong Kong movies on Intram Thursday nights at 10:00. However, in addition to shamelessly pushing our show, I'm here to discuss an actual, if trivial, issue. I will, however, be using *The Omen's* trademark profanity and wild exaggeration, so all is not lost.

The issue at hand: the term "kung fu movies." Some of you may have noticed that I become a bit cold and distant when this term is used in conjunction with my show or Hong Kong movies in general. This is, you see, because **I am imagining myself tearing your fucking head off and shitting down your neck.** I will not, of course, do this, because of my merely average size and strength, and discomfort with public defecation and the possibility of incarceration. At worst, I will say to myself "the person to whom I am speaking cannot be my friend," and we all know what a daunting threat that is.

"But Miles," you're asking "what's wrong with saying 'kung fu movies'?" I'm hip and PC. I don't say "Oriental." So what's your problem?" Ah, I'm glad you asked. I myself use the term "kung fu movies," but only when referring to films to which the term actually applies. Anyone who uses the term interchangeably with "Hong Kong movies" is obviously stuck in the '70s, the days of "Brigadier Chow you killed my master. You bastard! Whoosh! Whoosh! Ching!" movies. Here's a real, true fact I'm not making up: in 1997, out of nearly a hundred Hong Kong productions,

only about five or six were actual kung fu movies. Only a few of the big names made any money. Obviously, kung fu movies are not exactly a hot item in HK at the moment. Do people honestly think the Hong Kong film industry hasn't progressed in 20 years? To casually hold this belief is thoughtless cultural elitism. Essentially, stereotyping every movie out of Hong Kong as a '70's-style kung fu movie is about as inaccurate and insulting as saying every American movie is *Death Wish II*. This and other Asian stereotypes are so pervasive that even journalists, who should know better, are in on it. From movie reviewers complaining of Chow Yun-Fat's lack of martial artistry to calling Jackie Chan Japanese to referring to accomplished HK actress Maggie Cheung as an "action star," people are quite casual about revealing that they don't know shit.

While we're on the subject of not knowing shit, people have made the point that since I know nothing about fine countries like Pakistan, Albania, and Bulgaria, I can't fault other people for lack of knowledge of other cultures. This is bullshit. I will admit I'm ignorant on plenty of subjects. But if someone started, say, a Belgian film series, and I, calling upon my limited knowledge of Belgian cinema, said "so, you're showing wacky serial killer movies?" Well, that would be just plain nutty, wouldn't it? I may know nothing about Europe, but I've never pretended to, as people seem to be so comfortable doing with Asia. Far be it from me to judge, but people have been called racist for a lesser insults than this. I sort of feel like this isn't my business; being obsessed with Hong Kong movies, Japanese punk bands and eating with chopsticks doesn't make me some kind of advocate for the entire

Asian population of the world. But dammit, I think I have a point here, and I can't just let ignorance like this go unanswered.

Okay. Now that you're convinced (or not) by my muddled argument about whatever I was getting at, I'll get back to the original point and admit it would make sense to say we show kung fu movies if that actually fit the general pattern of the movies we show. However, this semester's lineup consists of:

- 2 Fantasy movies
- 1 "Crime drama"
- 4 Action movies
- 2 Modern action movies that do, I'll concede, have some kung fu
- 1 Romance
- 1 "Romantic Comedy"
- 2 "What-the hell WAS that?'"

4 Actual, no-way-around it kung fu movies (2 together in a double feature.) Okay, it's a little skewed towards the action side. I'm sorry. I like mayhem, so that's what I tend to get. But I think I made my point, which is that if you say "kung fu movies" to my face I will berate you, demean you, tie you down and work you over with a cheese grater, a power drill and tweezers. Thank you. Now, back to self-promotion: Every Thursday, 10:00 PM. By the time you read this, the remaining movies will be:

*Kung Fu Cult Master/ High Risk* continued on page 17

The author in a fit of rage. Aha. Ahahaha. Actually, it's Francis Ng Chun-Yu in the upcoming "Too Many Ways To Be No. 1"



# Memoirs of a rock star

Memo to a Russian Jew  
Comrade Strauss,

3/16/98

Here is a juicy excerpt from my upcoming memoirs, *Whiskey Business: The Diary of a Drunkard*:

I chuckled at the warning label on the vial of pills that read, "Side Effects: May kill you or cause marked drowsiness."

Ho, ho, ho, I chuckled as I cheated death for the umpteenth time.

Without a doubt, you assume heightened responsibilities when you become a rock star. Elvis Presley was our most precious national resource during the 1970's, and it's a shame we let the fat man die.

Although I have yet to become bloated and gargantuan from my crapulent vices, I intend to once I can afford it.

Here I am at the State Department, and these military-industrial nerds want me to create a super-army of fat, crackhead Presley clones to battle the Soviets and ensure their doom [I tried telling these guys that (1) They're called "Russians" now and (2) They're no longer evil.]

(Double feature; starts 8:00) Two stupid but very entertaining action-comedies from Jet Li and notorious director Wong Jing.

*Too Many Ways To Be No. 1* - Bizarre gangster black comedy with Lau Ching-Wan and Francis Ng Chun-Yu. My best of '97 pick.

*Drunk Master II* - Probably Jackie Chan's best movie. See him fight 150 men with hatchets.

And many more next year. Any questions about the movies can be e-mailed to me at mic97. Or try the best (because, of course, I contribute) resource on the web at <http://greg0.stanford.edu/hk/>. Thanks to The Omen for having an "everything, no matter how disjointed and esoteric, gets printed" policy and to those of you who might have actually taken what I had to say semi-seriously. And to anyone over 120 pounds who might try to provoke me into carrying out my threats of violence, well, I, uh, don't want to waste my time on you. Yeah.

And then there was that annoying separatist movement in Detroit [led by Americans of French descent who wished to join an independent Quebec]—**We had to nuke the shit outta the entire state of Michigan [my utmost condolences].**

Few people noticed when we nuked the shit out of the Midwest, and even fewer cared. Those who did notice the fireworks responded by cheering and chanting "U.S.A." in a highly repetitive fashion. It was like a Rocky sequel. Intensely amusing.

My personal response to the apocalyptic carnage was to ask the State Department Barkeep to fix me another whiskey and dry ice with crushed Dexedrine, which I consumed with a frantic rapidity before requesting three more. "Here's a tip," I said. "Carpet-bomb Hampshire College." -pp. 78-80

Inexplicably Yours,

Bertholomew J. Cattivera,

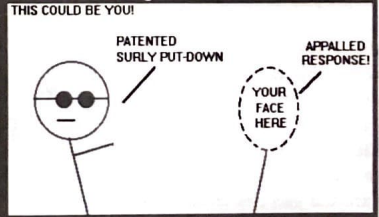
Omen Secretary of Immense Human Carnage



## Enter the Surly Boy Contest!

Surly boy isn't going to stay nice forever. If you want to be ragged on in an upcoming strip and have your likeness copywrited to my comic empire, just tell me why you deserve it! I'm sure you're all a bunch of black-assed bastards who have it coming.

These people are just some of the mooks who haven't entered the Surly Boy contest: Carolyn J. Bernstein, Eve M. Prues, Eugene B. Adams, Jose A. Juarez, Shir J. Gale, Christy B. Warren, Punchy, Geddy Lee, Sherry S. Spauhts, Alexey V. Larichev, Edyta S. Ziecinska, Bran W. Hossfeld, Crescent A. Diamond, Massandje Bamba, Sarah L. Goldfinger, Justine A. Lemos, Erik B. Watkins, Eron E. Sandler, Gregory Prince, Mark S. Ribble, Priya Kapoor, Kelly M. Cappa, Stephen J. Gardner, Jody M. Shipley, Serenity G. Voss, Maria E. Tsyplina, Mr. Ed, Susannah H. Smith, Douglas O. Ginn, Dakota K. Bruce, Sean Penn, Jennifer Barr-Dipiazza, Sarah M. Eley, Helen L. Baldwin, Tenzin Dorjee, William A. Heiser, Mubukwanu Kakula, Ryan R. Kerney, Chani A. Sanchez, Benjamin R. Scott-Hopkins, Hsuan Tsen, that Uppel kid, John L. Hough, Eva C. Kaul, Daniel P. Mode, Michael J. Fox, Peter A. Ward, Gillian B.



Andrews, and Dehlia Harris. You all suck. **DON'T BE SINGLED OUT LIKE THESE PEOPLE. DON'T MISS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. ENTER THE SURLY BOY CONTEST BY APRIL 15 OR REGRET IT FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.** To get slammed in an upcoming Surly Boy strip, just tell me why you deserve it. I know you all do. Just submit it to the Omen like any other submission.



# Pump up and Squirt

by Jacob Chabot

We walked out of the Hampshire Mall with the swagger and the confidence of a bunch of men who had just bought large firearms. Last weekend, when the weather was warm, the hippies were swarming. The lawns of the quads were practically infested with prancing, happy people. They were just begging for a soaking. So, Matt Hamer, Wade Stuckwisch, Travis Dale, and I mosied on down to the mall to make a few purchases.

The CPS (constant pressure system) 2500 - Matt's heat. There was a six day waiting period while Kay-Bee checked his background. Weighing in at 10.7 pounds, fully loaded, standing waist high, this gun can only be described as a mega-phallus. It needs the shoulder strap, otherwise only the Terminator himself could wield this massive weapon of destruction. This is a water gun, no, a water cannon with a kick! It has a pressure gauge to indicate how much air pressure the gun has left and three nozzle settings, narrow, me-

dium, and really friggin' wide. Set on this last setting, the two gallon ammo reserve depletes rather quickly, but as you'd imagine, it only takes one shot to leave your foe dripping (if he

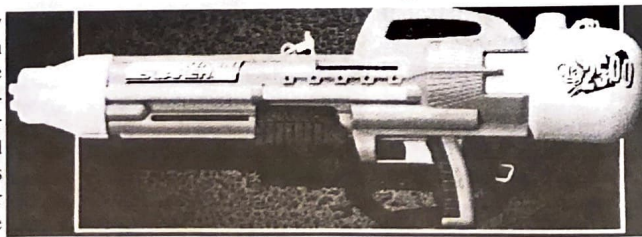
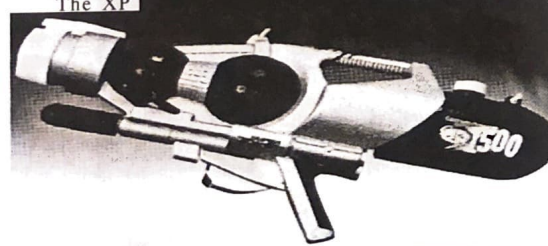
hasn't already wet himself just from looking at it). On the minus side, it takes forever to pump this big boy up to full blast, but the shotgun style pump makes it oh so satisfying. As Matt said, "They're not going to think it's very funny when I'm shooting them."

The CPS 1500 - Wade's gat. Being the cheap bastard that he is, Wade decided to settle on the next model down. Although not as initially impressive as the 2500, this smaller, squatter gun packs almost the same punch.

Not that this piece is small, it still takes two hands to use and also comes with a shoulder strap.

The XP

(extra power) 70 times two - my own twin children. **Not needing to compensate for anything, I decided to John Woo it with these two smaller hand guns.** Obviously the XP70



was not going to match the sheer force of the other two. With two guns, I could target two people at once thus dishing out hot and cold running vengeance upon those who opposed me. The smaller size of this gun allowed me to easily slap the two into one hand and pump them both at once. The coolest thing about this gun was the chamber. It has a separate bubble that fills when you pump it up, showing how much ammo you have left before you have to pump again. Unfortunately, compared to the 2500 and the 1500, it's shots were no more than mosquito bites. Because of this, and the fact that I was alternating between two guns, the ammunition lasted much longer. Just ignore the "do not shoot at anyone's face or eyes" warning. They're not called extra power for nothing.

The XP40 - Travis's piece, a basic, no frills Super-Soaker. Smaller than the XP70, this gun is rather ineffective when put up against the rest. This gun had problems from step one. First of all, rather than fill from the top, the XP40 filled from the back, causing the need for a deep sink to fill it. Second, the pump kept breaking off. It was easily fixed with a little duct tape, but annoying as all hell.

Upon our return to campus, we decided that our original plan to throw a bar of soap at the hippies and give them a shower would probably not be well received. So, we just tested these puppies out on ourselves (accompanied with the classic Super-Soaker 50 and the stealthy pocket-sized Super-Soaker 10). We spent hours just shooting them off our lounge balcony (curses for not having one that faces the quad!). And we later used the CPS2500 to hose out our fridge when it started getting rank. They're fun and handy around the house!

## White Trash SATURDAY

by Mark Hugo

On a very special White Trash Saturday Mark "The Daddy" Hugo shares with all those special ladies out there what gets his noodle going.

### 10 Ways to Please Your White Trash Man

1. Have sex.
2. Often.
3. "Bend over, I'll drive." Need I say more?
4. If your not in the mood, find a sub.
5. Real men like to be on the bottom (it leaves the hands free for beer and other important substances).
6. If you're bored, learn how to act.
7. If you take it, never tell - it just doesn't make a difference.
8. Make sure an ample supply of beverages are close at hand (see # 5). It's awful to get pasty mouth in the middle of sweet loving.

9. Integrate chicken wings into foreplay.
10. Read Cosmo (so much good information concerning hand-jobs and the like).

I would like to close with an open letter to C. Baldwin, the creator of the Collegian's existentially challenged one-panel cartoon, Bruno. If you really want to make my "White Trash" Saturday, you can write me into a stip with that foxy lady, Bruno. If she wants to get deep digging from that fat dude, why not me? She could go to a stip club in order to cause herself even more mental trauma but instead find a dashing young swinger (with a side of mental trauma) who buys her drinks and takes her back to his trailer of love. How's that for some voyeuristic cartoon loving? By the way, if you're any bit as good-looking as Bruno, we can talk about making the whole experience a little less voyeuristic.



# THE SUNFLOWER

by Travis Dale and Mark Hugo

Last August, as some sort of community-building scheme, Hampshire's entering students received *The Sunflower*, a powerful and heart-wrenching book about some deep issues. The plan was a dismal failure, mostly because the true value of the book, as an astrological resource, was not realized.

But now, thanks to the Omen psychics, we can get something useful out of *The Sunflower* after all.

"While imprisoned in a Nazi concentration camp, Simon Weisenthal was taken one day from his work detail to the bedside of a dying member of the SS. Haunted by the crimes in which he had participated, the soldier wanted to confess to—and obtain absolution from—a Jew.

"This unusual encounter and the moral dilemma it posed raise fundamental questions about the limits and possibilities of forgiveness. Must we, can we forgive the repentant criminal? Can we forgive crimes committed against others? What do we owe the victims?"

*-The Sunflower, book jacket*

The *Sunflower* asked a tough question. Here's what you would do...

**Aries (March 21-April 19)**

In order to clear your head, you would step out to a place where everyone knows your name. Of course, this is your local watering hole. Unfortu-

nately, you'd spend too much time hitting on that tattooed chick, and by the time you'd get back, that Nazi is dead as dirt. Shucks. And you didn't even get that tattooed chick's number.

**Taurus (April 20-May 20)**

Instead of listening to his plea in the first place, you would just kick the poor guy in the head and check for spare change. Who's the murderer now? You'll pay for your hate-crimes. Hate crimes!!

**Gemini (May 21-June 20)**

You're a gay homosexual, Gemini, why don't you just deal with that first?

**Leo (July 23-August 22)**

You just don't believe in forgiveness. You would rip his heart right out of his chest real quick so that he could see how black it is before he dies. Just like in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. Vengeance is sweet; it tastes like candy.

**Virgo (August 23-September 22)**

What was that he said? You wouldn't have any idea what the guy was talking about. You'd be too busy anticipating his death so that you could fuck his cold dead body. You're a necrophiliac, one of those mentally ill types.

**Libra (September 23-October 22)**

I'm not going to get into your horo-

scope, Libra. It just doesn't interest me. What I'd like to talk about is supply-side economics. If it wasn't for those goddamned hippie liberals, (you know who you are) we'd be basking in the golden age of happy golden happiness, with Reagan as our High Priest.

**Scorpio (October 23-November 22)**

To resolve this deep issue, you would pass around the peace pipe. After a few too many hits off your PCP-laden dream-pipe, all you can do is stare at the black-light posters in this Nazi's hospital room and babble on and on about Einsteinian physics, which you know nothing about. The conclusion you come to is that "it's all good."

**Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)**

You'd forgive the bastard, because you're one of those sucker types that actually read this long-ass book. Unfortunately, on your death bed you realize the error of your ways and ask for forgiveness for forgiving him, starting the whole vicious cycle over again. No one writes a book about you. Awwwww.

**Capricorn (December 22-January 19)**

You would realize that you could never decide this issue for yourself, so you'd book two tickets to the Jerry Springer Show. You and the Nazi would get in a wild bitch-slap-fest, right there on national television. The ratings would be the highest since Geraldo got

punted in the face by klansmen. You would then get contracted to your wacky sitcom, called "Three Men and a Little Nazi." In every episode he gets close to death and begs for forgiveness, but he never dies. It's kinda like Gilligan's Island but with a different theme song.

**Aquarius (January 20-February 18)**

Nobody really cares what the fuck you'd do. You're French, so you don't count. You people, with your little be-rets and your little cups of coffee, with your "Wee Misssyoor"s and your wine and your cheese, and your Jerry Lewis-lovin' asses, and your rude, American-hating ways, can all go to hell for all I care. Hey everyone, slap a frog-eatin' Frenchie. Nobody likes them.

**Pisces (February 19-March 20)**

Hey Pisces, what's your sign? I can tell your future, baby. It's gonna be in bed with me tonight. Don't deny destiny, baby.

## A surgical procedure

To: "Vernon" Jordan Strauss

3/11/98

From: B.J.C. II

Dear Slick,

Here is my analysis of current (and anticipated) events:

Undeniably, the most significant item in the news is President Clinton's tear jerking decision to neuter his new mutt. Unbeknownst to Mr. Clinton, a highly convincing Omen source has revealed that Mr. Clinton's wife (H.R. Clinton) intends to have the President neutered as well.

Mr. Clinton may well become the first sitting President to be castrated (**George Bush was castrated before he became President**), inflicting irreparable damage on the institution of the Presidency. My pollsters have notified me that the prospect of a eunuch President does not bode well with the nation's women, who have heretofore supported Mr. Clinton loyally and irrationally. Even worse, if the Man Whose Office Is Oval is convicted of sex crimes, the D.C. police will be required under recent legislation to alert the community about the presence of a dangerous sex fiend.

My response to all of this is to barricade myself inside my room with a case of rye whiskey and a cooler full of ice. The motive behind this hermetic retreat is my paranoid fear that the sex police, under the watchful command of Janet Reno, will catch me in the throes of some unconscionably lewd act, and I will be forced, by overwhelming public demand, to seek national office.

At times I find that my life is reminiscent of a cheap horror film: Shards of tile gouge me in the shower, and the walls are bleeding whiskey.

Licking the walls.

Bert J. Cattivera, Jr.

Certified F.O.S.

(Friend of Strauss)

## A feminist responds

by Katie Matlock

As a hard-core feminist, reading Mark Hugo's "White Trash Saturday" articles deeply offends my sense of gender-equality in the Hampshire community (even society at large). Mark's portrayal of wymyn simply as orifices into which he can place his "noodle" is not only demeaning, but completely disgusting (as anyone who has ever seen this psycho-stalker-drunk-boy would know). Because of this, I have constructed a list of reasons why Mark will never get play from anything except his left hand.

### The Top Ten Reasons Mark Hugo Will Never Get Laid

10. He's a film "student." He pretends to make horror films.
9. Even drunk he doesn't look good.
8. From what I've heard, his "noodle" is permanently

soggy.

7. Water wienies are more exciting to play with.
6. Aviator jackets went out of style with *Top Gun*.
5. His idea of foreplay is walking back to the dorm.
4. He's really gay and in love with Malcolm McDowell.
3. "White Trash Man" is an oxymoron.
2. He is secretly a member of a shock-rocking, stone-washed-denim-wearing, feather-hair-sporting, glam-metal band.
1. Sheep don't like to be on the bottom.





# Fall '98 Course Catalog Supplement

## SCHOOL OF NATURAL SCIENCE

### NS 111 **Alchemy**

This long-neglected science has undergone a substantial revival recently, thanks in part to the Hampshire philosophy that nothing's too stupid or insignificant to study. We'll primarily work on turning base metals into gold, silver, and platinum. There is a lab fee deposit of \$100 for lead, but if all goes well at the end of the semester you'll get it back 100 fold.

### NS 118p **How Stuff Works**

It don't. Go back to bed.

### NS 141 **Vegans and Nutrition**

You're dying slowly and there's no cure, not until you get off your stubborn ass and start eating some real food. You can't live on french fries and tempeh forever, you know. Take this class and find out why.

### NS 143 **Talkin' 'bout My Dawgs**

Taught by Ray Coppinger. In this class Ray will drone on about all the various dogs he has owned in his lifetime. No one will care. (Don't think about trying to get a Div I from this class, all Ray's dogs died years ago.)

### NS 162 **Why the Bible's Wrong**

This is an introductory Evolution course, but instead of reading Darwin or Huxley, we're going to systematically rip apart the Bible and make fun of papists. The Pope will be burned in effigy as a cumulative Div I for the entire class.

### NS 201 **Scientology**

Find out what all the fuss is about. This course is designed to introduce the rich Hampshire student to the amazing world of extortion and John Travolta. Required texts include L. Ron Hubbard's *Scientology 8-008*, and *Dianetics*. There is a lab fee of \$5,000 (subject to substantial increase). Note: Once registered you may not drop this class, ever.

### NS190 **Feces**

This class will take a look at shit. Literally. We'll examine why the whole goddamn county starts to smell whenever it gets hot out, and why you shouldn't drink out of the toilet. Required texts include *Everybody Poops* and *Once Upon a Potty*. Get an easy Div I by looking at stool samples.

### NS 231 **THC**

Take a wild guess as to what this class is about. Bring your own munchies. Classes will be held in the Yurt; enrollment is limited to 4 due to lack of space.

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### NS 304 **Revolution of the Earth**

Did you know that the Earth revolves around the Sun? It's true! Really! This class will examine this New Learning in depth. Apart from this "Copernican Theory," we'll discuss why it gets colder at night, why the sun is not a big ball of fire, and why the moon is NOT made out of cheese.

## SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

### SS 109p **AIDS**

In this proseminar we will examine people dying of AIDS and address the question "Goddammit, why did that condom break?"

### SS 116 **Gender, Race, and Society**

This class will examine the social structures of gender and race. Kick-ass!

### SS 124 **Gender, Ethnicity, and Poverty**

This course will examine ethnicity and poverty, in the framework of gender. We will read uninteresting books which you will immediately sell back to the bookstore. They'll only give you about \$2.75, but you're sure as hell not going to want to keep them.

### SS 129 **Power, Race, and Gender.**

Power, race, and gender are all undoubtedly connected; in this course, we'll find out why, I hope.

### SS 138 **Gender, Class, Society, and Gender**

The ideologies of gender and class will be discussed in depth, with a pinch of society thrown in for good measure.

### SS 144 **Gender, Gender, Society, Sexuality, Gender, Race, and Gender**

We'll discuss a lot of crap; quite a bit of gender. And some other stuff too, I suppose. Race, I guess, that's always a good one.

### SS 156 **Gender, Gender, Poverty, Gender, AIDS, Gender, Gender, Gender, Baked Beans, and Gender**

This professor will talk for weeks without really saying anything of substance. Don't bother bringing a notebook.

### SS 288 **Anglo-French Conflicts From the 100 Years War to Waterloo**

Covering roughly the years 1348-1815 (with a brief examination of 1066 and the reign of King John) we will discuss the military, political, and social history and impact of the struggles between England, and her nemesis France. Par-

ticular attention will be paid to Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Orleans, Blenheim, Trafalgar, Waterloo, and gender.

### SS 301 **Schutzstaffel**

We thought it appropriate that the school of SS would have a class on the SS. This course is designed to help students build their own elite military corps, which will be used to persecute the group that has plagued Hampshire for years: the Hippies. They pollute our environment with awful music and odors of cannabis, and they systematically destroy Hampshire's credibility as a real college. The course will culminate with *Crystalshipnacht*, The Night of Broken Hippies.

## SCHOOL OF HUMANITIES AND ARTS

### HA 110 **Basic Grammar**

Will learn how to not split infinitives, nor use sentence fragments, avoid and not use redundancies, and know that a preposition is not something to end a sentence with. Taught by Casey Nordell. The passive voice will not be used in this class.

### HA 115 **Film/Video Workshop I**

You think you're getting into *this* class? Forget about it, go take Gender, Class, Society, and Gender instead, I think there's still room.

### HA 119 **Lapdancing**

Anyone interested in a career in dance had best take this course, you just may need it. The boob job will pay for itself after a few weeks. No fat chicks.

### HA 121 **Magic: The Gathering**

This course will introduce aspiring geeks to the wonderful world of "Magic" cards. We will discuss "Mana," "tapping," and how to build a ripping deck. If "Unearthly Minions of Dal-Azboreth" which block flying creatures for 6/7 sounds intriguing, then this class is for you. This course has a \$2,000 lab fee.

### HA 156 **Euripides and Wolfe**

Euripides and Tom Wolfe: two influential writers who have quite a bit in common. We'll examine the similarities between these two authors, including elements such as life, death, characters, time, movement, and dialogue.

### HA 166 **Queer Culture**

Sure, they fuck each other up the ass, but that's no reason why we shouldn't study them.

### HA 171 **Agro-dancing**

This wildly successful EPEC course is back by popular demand, and now it carries credit. Come and get your HA Div

I doing the Potato Waltz or the Mango Mamba.

### HA 188 **Constructive Practices in Journalism**

This class is designed to examine methods in constructing college "newspapers." In particular we will study the use of cynicism, whining, and low-brow humor, as well as the practice of printing a calendar of events and a lame comic and calling it "journalism."

### HA/NS 267 **The Inner Child**

We will find your inner child, then surgically remove him.

### HA 285 **Advanced Idol Worship**

We will learn how to idolize various guest speakers for their liberal ideas, whether or not they're actually full of shit. Required texts include Noam Chomsky's *Truth, Lies, and Democracy* and various books with the word "whiteness" or "Amerika" in the title (or, better yet, "Amerikkka").

## SCHOOL OF... CCS!

### CCS 101 **What is CCS?**

CCS, does it even still exist? If so, what is the uniting element? What does CCS stand for? Cognitive Science, Communications, Computer Science, Cultural Studies? Isn't that a few too many C's and S's? Why are we forced to take classes in this crap? We'll answer all these questions for you as soon as we figure them out for ourselves.

### CCS 142 **Intermediate Computer Programming**

This course is for students who have some previous experience in computer programming, in either C, C+, C++, C+++, or even B- (for those more advanced students). We'll work together to move you in the right direction towards a career in this rapidly growing field, or, more likely, towards a rapidly growing field in the literal sense, strewn with stones with your names on them.

This course will be taught by visiting professor Ted Kaczynski.

### CCS 155 **The Philosophy of Nihilism**

This course is designed to help you systematically reject everything you learned in any other philosophy class you may have taken. If you didn't think they were a waste of time before you sure will now. What the fuck were you thinking taking classes on Confucius and Plato, do you want to remain stupid and unemployed your entire life? Div I's will be awarded to any student who doesn't bother to attend this class.

### CCS 198 **Downloading Porn**

We all know what the internet is *really* for, don't we? This class will examine how to find the best in paederasty, bestiality, necrophilia, and almost any other sick perversion and depravity you may fancy. Taught by Tom Levitan, enrollment



is limited to 150.

### **CCS 218 Chomskian Theory**

Let's get one thing straight here, this course is about *linguistics*. Members of groups like "Rail Against Imperialism" stay the fuck out of my class.

### **CCS 229 Weening Yourself Away From Your Computer**

This class is designed for those students who need it; you know who you are. You haven't seen the light of day in weeks, you can't communicate with people outside of chat rooms, and you don't need a screensaver because your computer never idles (though you have 5,000 of them anyway). This class won't teach anything, but it will get you out of your room for a couple hours a week.

### **CCS 245 Cyber-plagiarism**

Learn how to use the internet to find all sorts of pre-written papers so you'll never have to do work again. Download Stephen J. Hawkings' doctoral thesis for a quick and easy Div II, steal George Will's columns and submit them to the Omen for Div II community service, the possibilities are endless. Recommended for students taking SS 229.

## **SCHOOL OF "INTERDISCIPLINARY ARTS"**

### **IA 127 Home Ec**

Cooking, cleaning, sewing, knitting, you name it. At last, here's a class you can actually use after you graduate. It's not just for wymyn!

### **IA 132 Fulfilling Your Third World Expectation**

Those of you who are about to enter your last semester of Div II and just realized that you have to pretend to give a fuck about the third world before they let you out of here are advised to take this course. If your idea for the Third World Expectation is "I expect most of the third world to starve" you've got a good start. Whatever your Div II, we'll get this damn requirement out of the way.

### **IA 176 Socio-political-neuro-psycho-astro-meta-omniology**

We'll take a comprehensive examination of the changes undergoing vast myriads of information and attempt to ascertain - aw, fuck it, this new school isn't going to last a semester anyway.

## **WRITING/READING PROGRAM/COCIRRICULAR**

### **WP 101 Basic Literacy**

So you went to an "alternative" primary school, you can make a mean aborigine boomerang but unfortunately you can't read.

Well, you're gonna have to learn eventually so we'd better get started now. Get a friend to read this description to you, put an "X" on the registration form, and take this goddamn class!

## **FOREIGN LANGUAGES**

### **FL 107 Intensive Gaelic**

Yeah, this language will be dead in a few years, but it's so silly looking we can't let it go quite yet. We'll immerse ourselves in the language and the culture around it. Classes will meet at O'Flannerhanny's Pub; there is a \$750 lab fee for Guinness and Jameson. *Oro Se Do Bheatha 'Bhaile!*

### **FL 111 Intensive Esperanto**

Now here's a useful class. We're gonna learn Esperanto! Who the fuck came up with this and why I really can't say, but there's one strong reason why you should take it: no irregular verbs! Texts for this class include various "Tintin" adventures; we couldn't find much else written in Esperanto.

## **FIVE COLLEGE ASTRONOMY**

### **ASTFC 114 Cosmic Phenomena**

We are far from understanding the truths of the universe; each answer we receive brings innumerable new questions. The universe is so enormous, how can we begin to understand, let alone comprehend, what is around us? Yet we will uncover those facts that have been hidden from us, and there are many. From Hale-Bopp to Roswell to Area 51. The truth is out there.

## **OUTDOOR AND RECREATIONAL ATHLETICS PROGRAM**

### **OPRA 101 "Gym"**

Push-ups, squat-thrusts, and those dumb exercises you used to do where you move your arms in small circles. All that crap, you remember it. Starting off with Red Rover and Red Light/Green Light, we'll soon work our way up to kick-ball and floor-hockey. You must supply your own gym clothes

### **OPRA 114 Bowling**

If you like bowling then sign up for this; it's the only way you'll get the school to pay for it.

### **OPRA 220 Zen Scuba**

Figure this one out for yourself.

### **OPRA 233 Corporal Punishment**

We beat the bejeezus out of people. It's good exercise.

*List compiled by Paul Boyer, the Advising Office, the Office of the President, and the Men's Center, all of whom had nothing else to do.*

